

# The Revolution.

PRINCIPLE, NOT POLICY JUSTICE, NOT FAVORS.—MEN, THEIR RIGHTS AND NOTHING MORE: WOMEN, THEIR RIGHTS AND NOTHING LESS.

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## The Revolution.

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OFFICE, 49 EAST TWENTY-THIRD ST.

WOMAN SUFFRAGE CONVENTION AT  
NEWPORT, R. I.

A WOMAN SUFFRAGE Convention, under the auspices of the National Association, will be held in the Academy of Music at Newport, Rhode Island, on Wednesday and Thursday, the 25th and 26th inst.

The success attending the recent gathering at Saratoga, warrants the most sanguine hopes and expectations from this also. The intense interest now everywhere felt on the great question, renders all appeal for a full attendance unnecessary.

Among the speakers will be Mrs. Elizabeth Cady Stanton, Mrs. Paulina Wright Davis, Mrs. Celia Burleigh, Rev. Phoebe A. Hannaford, Mrs. Charlotte B. Wilbour, Miss Susan B. Anthony and Theodore Tilton.

Names of other speakers will be announced hereafter.

In behalf of the National Woman's Suffrage Association,

ELIZABETH CADY STANTON, Pres.  
PAULINA W. DAVIS, } Advisory Counsel for the  
State of Rhode Island.

MR. AND MRS. JOHN STUART MILL.—A lady writing from Edinburgh, Scotland, encloses a sprig of rose leaves, and says of it, and from whence and whom it came: "I enclose a sprig off a rose bush growing at Mrs. Mill's grave, in Avignon. John Stuart Mill, though a philosopher, has much sentiment in his nature. His wife died at Avignon thirteen years ago, and since then he has fixed his home near her last resting-place, in one of those narrow, red-tiled, upright French Houses, which he found for sale at the time of his bereavement. It is in a small garden outside the walls of Avignon; and forsaking his elegant villa at Black Heath, he passes seven months of each year in this ugly dwelling, made sacred to him by its proximity to her grave."

The Palmer (Mass.) Journal says that for lack of male help the farmers' wives and daughters in that section are turned out in numbers to make hay. And thousands of able-bodied men coasting in every city!

### WOMAN'S DRESS.

BY W. F. CHANNING.

Editor of the Revolution:

WILL you allow one of the male sex to make a few remarks on female costume? Perhaps you will be more willing to do so with the knowledge that your present correspondent, though so unfortunate as to be a man, disdains to decide for woman anything appertaining to her sphere; and, that, while approaching the subject in part from a professional, medical, point of view, he rejoices in the advent of women to the profession which should care and provide for the public health.

The advocates of "the American dress" are right when they say that a good working and walking costume is as necessary for the enfranchisement of woman as the ballot, and that a dress fitly expressing, instead of concealing, the figure is demanded by true modesty. But, for these very reasons, I maintain that the Bloomer dress, either with the straight, or slightly less hideous bag pantaloons, never can, and never ought to become a national costume. It is essentially ugly, and though obstructing motion much less than the fashionable diving-bell appendage to the waist and the inscrutable skirts beneath, it yet hampers the limbs, and does not fitly, that is, artistically express the figure.

Now, within certain limits, there is a law which definitely prescribes the dress of man and woman. Dress, to be appropriate and in good taste, must correspond to the human body as the leaf and blossom correspond to the tree. The Art of dress must be founded on Nature. We may assume, without fear of contradiction, that the dress must have sleeves, or at least apertures for the arms. It would seem to be almost an equally self-evident proposition that the lower part of the dress should be bifurcate, and recognize nature's endowment of the human species with legs.

As regards the mechanical principles of dress, it should obviously fit closely where there is greatest motion, especially the limbs as you approach the hands and feet. But, while the hands may often be sufficiently disengaged to allow the ornament of drapery sleeves, this is never possible for the feet, when in use. It will be found by experiment that any loose clothing below the knee, whether unifurcate or bifurcate, is a serious impediment to locomotion. As fitness prescribes beauty, the pantaloons about the ankle is, therefore, always an abomination—and, to the unsophisticated eye, the "Broomer," or street-sweeping costume, would doubtless appear even more ludicrous and ungraciously than the Bloomer.

In the same manner the masculine pantaloons of the present day, loose below the knee, is an obstruction to motion, as well as untidy, wasteful and a deformity. The present loose leggin and detestible masculine boot must ultimately be replaced with gaiters and shoes or close-fitting

boots, for reasons of economy, efficiency, or elegance.

No female costume is more beautiful in this department than that of the Swiss peasant, which consists simply of ornamental stockings, and pretty shoes, with a skirt reaching only to the knees. This allows freedom of motion and is good for working, or walking, or dancing. The Swiss stocking in winter obviously can be supplemented with the garter, fur adorned, and made either of the most durable or elegant materials.

Not only for freedom, however, but for beauty, the contour of the leg, which is not inferior to that of the arm, should be preserved in dress. How beautiful, often, the simple costume of young girls, before it is considered proper to smother their limbs under an extinguisher!

The conventional Page of our theatres furnishes some suggestion for the ensemble of a new female costume, including the full, slashed, silken trousers above the knees.

For the upper part of the dress, the Grecian tunic and undervest is always beautiful. There are many who may insist at least in the earliest stages of this reform, that the skirt of the female dress shall be distinguished from the masculine coat by closure. If this concession to the current ideas or prejudices of the Western nations be necessary, emphatic protest should be made against the *frock*, which is a thing with a belt, cutting the figure in two and obliterating all semblance of the natural lines and curves of the human form divine. If the closed skirt is to be adopted as part of the new costume, let us have the *Gabrielle*, with the skirt just to the knee. For a working dress for either sex, a blouse with a belt may be worn, but this is not properly costume.

The new head-dress will in no event be a bonnet, nor a stove-pipe hat. But there is an infinite range of graceful hats and head-gear, French, and otherwise, to select from.

The costume proper of the sexes must vary, we think, not only on account of marked differences in physical conformation, but also in accordance with the diverse proportions of strength and beauty awarded to the sexes, and the uses thence proceeding. Thus the female dress will be richer and more varied in material and adornment than the male, and portions of it may often be less closely fitting. The dresses of the sexes will at any rate approximate much more nearly than at present, and women will find much less difficulty in obliterating all distinction of costume when this is required for safety or convenience.

It may be taken as an axiom that reform in the dress of one sex will involve, to some extent, that of the other. A better dress for both sexes will result, and men, in society, will look less like crows than at present.

A man's idea of what the new woman's costume should be, may be gathered from the preceding, without the added risk of a recapitulation. Cannot something be gained from scientific discussion of the *modes*?

## SOUTHERN CORRESPONDENCE.

LETTER FROM MRS. MARY E. TUCKER.

MILLEDGEVILLE, Ga., July 30, 1869.

DEAR MISS ANTHONY: In "True and I" Mr. Curtis represents Mr. Titbottom as viewing landscapes by putting down his head, and regarding the prospect through his knees. The effect can easily be imagined. Now, were you to visit the South, you would look at things from an entirely different stand-point, and be free from the sectional prejudice which must necessarily influence one who was born, and who has spent most of her life here; therefore, if my views do not exactly coincide with yours, generously ascribe my peculiar notions to the inverted position I occupy.

It is warm, very warm here now, and still we do not suffer from heat as we do in colder climates, for we become accustomed to it, and besides the atmosphere is purified by frequent thunder-showers, and then our houses are open, and the air circulates freely through them, while our magnificent forest oaks stand like sturdy guards in our yards, and shield us completely from the burning rays of the southern sun. This is our full fruit season, and wagon after wagon passes our door laden with melons, peaches, and apples which you can buy for a mere song. We do not consider fruit either healthy or pleasant after it has been plucked over a day, it is most delicious when just gathered. I could write pages of our flowers, but more important topics claim the attention of your readers.

The year after the war closed I left the south, and have since then made New York my home, where, perhaps, I have imbibed Northern notions of go-a-headiveness—any way upon reaching Savannah, I was at once struck with the slow movements of everything and everybody. There seemed to be a total want of energy, and a look of sleepy indifference upon almost every face. Perhaps this is owing to the climate.

In days of old the streets of Savannah were thronged with laughing, saucy looking negroes, now we can see but few, and their faces are grave, they have lost the don't care smile, that their utter absence of anxiety for the future provision for themselves and families caused them to wear. I am truly glad the negroes are free, but nevertheless, I must confess that the effect freedom has upon those who were not educated to receive and enjoy it, is not all you imagine, or I could wish it might be.

Last summer, while in New York, I bought a number of beautiful hot-house plants, and placed them in my windows where they had sun and air, and daily I watered and watched them. To my astonishment they soon lost their freshness, and in a few weeks drooped and died, only two of six lived. Upon asking the gardener the cause, he said: "Why, madam, I thought you knew that plants which have been in a hot-house all winter cannot be exposed to the pure air night and day without dying. You should have put them out every day for a short while, until they became accustomed to the change, and then they would not have been injured."

During ten years spent in Georgia before the war, I remember having seen one insane negro, now, there are twenty-five in this place, and more in the country around. An old negro who used to belong to me gave the following as cause of their insanity:

"You see, missus, dey nebbber used to have to

think 'bout anything, 'cept what de massa and missus telled 'em, and when the thinking cum so heaby on 'em, dey went stark, ravin' mad."

The old negroes are dying rapidly, and those now growing up, with their educational advantages, will be capable of occupying positions of influence; for they learn fast, and some of them are remarkably gifted. I do not attempt to justify the former master for neglect of souls entrusted to his care, but I do assert that I have found the laboring class of the North quite as ignorant as our slaves were when in a state of servitude.

While upon the subject of education I will mention that while advantages are given the negro, the children of the white man are compelled to stay at home, because of want of means to send them to school. We have here a few free institutions for whites in large cities, but the village and country children are allowed to remain uneducated. A few more words about the negro and I am done. As workers, I see no difference now; my old slaves who still remain with me are as faithful and respectful as when they belonged to me, and as hired servants cost less than when slaves, for now, in case of illness, we have, like our northern friends, a perfect right to turn them out to die, when before, we were compelled to take good care of them. The wages we pay are merely nominal, being from four to ten dollars a month. We have also this advantage; my own family consisted of five white members before the war. Seven servants could scarcely do all our work; now we have two, a woman and a boy, who accomplish more than the seven used to.

I will write you next week, and give you the southern ideas concerning the Woman's Rights question.

## A WOMAN'S CONGRESS.

Editor of the Revolution:

As suggested by P. W. D., in THE REVOLUTION of July 29, it is the most important idea that I have heard of in relation to the Woman's Rights movement. It is "bearding the lion in his den," or "taking the bull by the horns." Let each Association of 500 members, send one member to this Congress, and pay her a salary of \$500. The expense would not be felt. This body to hold its sessions at the same time of the Congressional sittings, and criticize its doings, and ferret out the merits and demerits of all its proceedings, and thereby save the nation from much corrupt legislation, and also secure the passage of many good and beneficial laws. Senator Sprague said in his speech in the Senate, March 17, 1869, "The fact is, that legislation, so far as it has come under my observation, is more devoted to the interests of a great party, to perpetuate its strength and its existence, than based on considerations for the welfare and interests of the people. All have studied the results of the Inquisition, commencing in the fourteenth century, and ending in this. Obnoxious and cruel as the action of the Inquisition was, I do not believe that it caused more anxiety, more trouble, more terror, than the acts of Congress applied to the people during the war, both north and south, and since the war has ended; for if ever there was tyranny exercised, either by one man, or a set of men, aiming at a given purpose, that tyranny was exhibited over the people of this country, south and north, in the exactions made upon them while the war was pressing, and since then, in the adjustment of their material inter-

ests. The trouble, the anxiety, and the uncertainties which have operated upon the minds of business men and their families, have been unknown to the history of any modern nation." Again, Gen. Butler, in a private letter, says, "I cannot put through my bill in regard to the national currency. There will have to be another panic first, in order to wake up the people of this country that they are ridden to death by bondholders and capitalists, who desire a currency for themselves, and not for the people. Because of my belief that the people should have a currency as good as anybody else's, I suppose, that I did not find myself upon either the Committee of Finance or Banking, lest I might possibly introduce a bill that would protect the rights of labor against capital. I do not complain of this, however, because the right will prevail, sooner or later." So let us have a Woman's Congress next winter, and a Woman's Legislature, in every state, and thus test woman's capabilities to assist in the government of the nation.

Your obedient servant,

B. FRANKLIN CLARK.

## LIFE INSURANCE STATISTICS.

Editor of the Revolution:

In your number of June 24th, at the conclusion of a statement of the per centage of mortality in fourteen companies reported by the commissioner for Massachusetts, it is asked what there is in the management of the different companies which will account for the wide difference in the mortality, which varies from one in 238 to one in 1687; the last being the American Popular which has an office in this city and is represented by Dr. Lambert, who, as Vice-President of the company has adopted a rule in the selection of the risks which will serve to account for his great success as compared with similar corporations.

He assumes that persons with certain physical conformation, will, as a general rule, be entitled to long-life, and he makes his selection of risks with reference to this theory, which by considerable experience he has found to be safe.

He has also found that persons associated in business, or in other relations, should have equal chances for longevity in order to secure harmonious results, and named, at an address at the Music Hall some months since, several well known cases in support of his theory.

He also related his experience with a physician who had made the same discovery with himself, and who was careful to select his cases from among those who had signs of long life, leaving others to those of his profession, who, though better read in books, were not so good judges of men. His success was of course very great, for, as he said, his patients could recover in spite of him, while the others were almost sure to die. But, all should be insured at some rate, and our concern is to discover some rule, or law, by which the charge shall be more accurately adjusted to the risk, so that those who are entitled to long life, shall not be made to pay for the increased cost which attaches to the other, or short-lived class. The difficulty with those companies where the mortality has been so large is, that they have taken cases discarded by others more careful, and unless they have charged larger premiums, the result can easily be predicted. It is simply necessary to use care in selection of risks, and make such classification as will give us larger premiums for those who are entitled only to short lives; than

are paid by the other class, to which Dr. Lambert confines himself.  
D. W.  
Boston, July, 1869.

# LESSONS IN THE COURT-ROOM.

THE very interesting trial and acquittal of Minnie Gaines—a colored woman of the South, now in this District, convicted of the murder of her seducer, a white man, of English birth—affords not only a theme of common jest and condemnation for the press, but of useful lessons of law, science, and civilization. The whole nature of the case was one of rare interest to woman, and but for the false ideas of propriety and delicacy, attributable in part, at least, to the fatal mistake in education, when we separate the boys from the girls in the schools, and teach each to distrust the other, by a secret training, and a special vernacular that indicates sex; but for this fundamental evil, one-half, instead of half a dozen of that large audience would have been composed of our most intelligent and pure-minded women—who would have reflected the light of that investigation into the dark minds of others, who, together would be the better enabled to prevent crime, and to promote virtue in this District and in society at large. But the court-room and the ballot-box are held, by public sense, to be without the sphere of woman—precincts sacredly set apart for man's use, where he may, unrebuked, slough off the gangrene of his lowest nature, in ribaldry and wantonness, both of which privileges the prosecuting attorney, in the case of Minnie Gaines, seemed consciously happy to enjoy.

Insanity being the ground of her defense, the pathological testimony of Drs. Nichols, Thompson and Bliss, was highly important to woman—as relating to her special functions—and we could not avoid the conviction of the necessity of educating our sex to the professions of law and medicine, not only as a safeguard to her prerogative, womanhood, but to endow her with virtuous courage, that will elevate and bless society and the race. Nor could I shut my eyes to the glaring injustice of excluding woman from the jury, in this case made up of six white and six colored men, who were, by law, required to put themselves in the place of the prisoner, and from their opinions, on which to predict the verdict of guilty, or not guilty, not from what a strong or a brave man would do, but from what *they* would do; were they in the case of this poor woman; and I could only fervently pray that the time might speedily come when the ballot that has lifted the colored man from lowest degradation to the station of councilman, school-trustee, and jurymen, in this District—may be given to woman also. Then, and not till then, will be vindicated the excellence of a republican government, and the glory of a people where true womanhood, and manhood are alike unrestrained in all their possibilities to be, to do, to suffer and to win.

In the history of courts in this District, no such opportunity for the moral, social, and political analysis of woman has been forced upon the consideration of the court and jury as in this, and, in my judgment, few men live who could so thoroughly comprehend and master the case, as did the counsel for the prisoner, A. G. Riddle, Esq., of this city. In so far as chattel slavery affected the character of the prisoner, and gave coloring to the act for which she was indicted, it was admissible that the counsel should unveil that institution, and ex-

hibit its fundamental laws as applied to this poor woman. And as he lifted the covering, it seemed as though light from heaven, and an inspiration from woman's soul, enabled him to reveal the terrible outrage of laying violent hands upon her being, as it came from God, so that she belonged neither to herself nor her Creator, but was bound in Promethean bands to the unholy lusts of her master—an irresponsible being! and at that mount of his sublime peroration—if the soul speaks through the face—from both judge and jury, and all the audience, welled up the verdict of "Not Guilty." But his argument was not complete; he found yet another count to present in her defence—she was a woman, and man assumed that woman was given to him!—he framed laws that gave him the advantage over her, and educated her to believe in, and obey them. He laid her on the board, and scalpel in hand, dissected her, giving names to each part to suit his taste, and having analysed her, attempted to determine her sphere. And, notwithstanding she rebelled; and from the deep fountains of her soul cried out, up to this time he stood braced against the limits he had fixed, and through pulpit, press and bar, he exclaimed, "thus far, no farther shalt thou go."

Although the prosecuting attorney (son of a Virginia slaveholder) said that the fact that she was a woman must not affect the opinion of the jury—as he had also said in reference to her being a slave—it was impossible to listen to the undeniable facts of her subjection, by law, to a silent acquiescence in that law, and believe in the equal validity of her responsibility to that law; for this was morally impossible. As a slave, Minnie Gaines was without the pale of law; as a woman, in this government, a law unto herself. Yet, as a slave and a woman, she was on trial for her life.

It requires but half an eye to see how we have thus far failed to establish a republican form of government, nor more than that to discover that government has its validity in the "consent of the governed;" and we have but to realize this, through the ballot to all; and we have established a government that must stand, because founded in exact justice; and this is the lesson of the hour, as read in the court-room, on the trial of Minnie Gaines.

J. S. G.

Washington, July 29, 1869.

# SUPERFICIALITIES.

I SEE IN THE REVOLUTION of July 29th an article on Finance, by one who signs himself "Truth," and who seems to think that "Senator Sprague, your correspondent J. W., of Cliftondale, Mass., and all others" (who happen to differ from him), are only dealing with the superficial features of the subject.

Of his seventeen paragraphs, I agree with him entirely in his last two lines—"Let us deal intelligently from causes, and effects will take care of themselves." So, I will not attempt to burthen your columns with that which must prove an endless and worthless controversy when based on merely "superficial" commonplaces on the subject; but would refer readers to a pamphlet, by Col. Wm. B. Green, entitled, "Equality," and to the pamphlets and other documents, by E. H. Heywood of Worcester, Mass., to a pamphlet, by William Boucher of Chicago, the writings of A. B. Robinson of Exeter, N. H., and to twelve or fifteen more writers and public speakers in Europe and

America, who have lately most effectually punctured the barbarian bubble of gold, silver, etc., as a basis for a civilized circulating medium; and also to a work entitled, "True Civilization," wherein will be found some historical account of the practical workings of "Rational" or "Equitable" money based on Labor. Readers can then judge for themselves who deals most in "superficialities."  
J. W.

# ANNA DICKINSON AND THE CHINESE

THE California journals are full of accounts of the progress of the young Eastern orators through the Golden State. Lately she attended a Chinese Sunday School held in a Presbyterian Church, of which the San Francisco *Alta* thus speaks:

Yesterday a large number of the Chinese merchants and strangers from abroad were present to witness the exercises at the Chinese Sunday School of the Howard Presbyterian Church, conducted by the Hon. George Barstow, Superintendent, assisted by Cyrus Palmer and D. N. Hawley. The exercises consisted of reading, spelling, counting, and singing. The school numbers 125 Chinese, and has a corps of seventy teachers. The Chinese all read and write their own language, and show themselves very apt scholars in learning the entire English alphabet in thirty minutes. They manifest the greatest eagerness to learn, and are making rapid advances. Most of them are being drilled in the rudiments of the English language, but we noticed especially one in geography, and also heard the Chinese sing a hymn in English. Messrs. Fitch, of Auburn, N. Y., and Tyler of Boston, Mass., were very interesting addresses.

Two or three native Chinese gentlemen, wealthy merchants in San Francisco, also made very pertinent and every way interesting addresses. The *Alta* closes its account of the school thus:

Miss Anna Dickinson and her brother were present, and seemed greatly interested in the proceedings. It was an occasion worthy of note, as showing that a nation with which we have binding treaty obligations, and from which we are to obtain that cheap labor by which our fields are to be properly silled, and our infant manufactures established and built up, and with which a vast and profitable trade awaits us if we have the wisdom to profit by it, will be sure to find justice and fair treatment from all the better portion of our people as soon as public opinion shall have been brought to bear upon this subject. The ruffians whose pastime it is to find some poor, weak Chinaman alone to abuse, will soon find their proper level.

A good deal of interest is manifested in California as to Miss Dickinson's course relative to the Chinese right of Suffrage. A question undoubtedly of vast importance to the people of the whole Pacific Coast. In the following extract from the San Francisco *Bulletin*, will be read the substance of what has also been reported in several other papers of the same address, delivered by her in that city on the twelfth of July:

When we look back at the struggles of our forefathers, and contemplate our condition of to-day and our more recent condition, we may realize for what we contended. It puts our war on a small basis if we admit that we contended alone for the eradication of slavery. It was not so. We fought for humanity. The men of Europe became grave when the immensity of the struggle was realized. They scouted us; they befouled their enemies—that's us. But for all that, the glorious cause of liberty reared triumphant, and despotism was vanquished. Everywhere this was realized, from Philadelphia to San Francisco.

The story of a youth of 17 years told by Miss Dickinson affected the audience to tears—the beautiful boy was color-bearer of a regiment, was shot and lost his colors. His comrades captured them, and the 14<sup>th</sup> seeing the recovery cried out, "There goes the old flag; hold her up, boys, hold her up forever," and then died. She alluded to the treatment of negroes in Eastern cities, and the corresponding treatment of Chinamen on this coast. She said the statue of liberty was crucified in our own streets every day. The stranger is astonished at the richness of your land and the fewness of your laborers.



You could not shut them out; mountains were not tall enough, seas were not broad enough, nor laws mean enough to accomplish that. The day will come when their friends will demand the ballot for them as the only means of protection. It is for you to say whether they shall become good or evil in the land. Do I say, "Put the ballot into the hands of the Ohnman?" "God forbid! We have enough stupid, ignorant, beastly voters already—and not Americans either. (Deafening, continued applause.) Wrong was doubly infamous in a country so fertile as ours, which was full of majestic influences, broadened by its prairies, elevated by its mountains, solemnized by its forests. In beautiful language she alluded to the tomb of Col. Baker, the orator of the West, the citizen of the East and the soldier of the nation, whose grave she had visited. The lecture throughout was clothed in the choicest language, and the tone and style of the lady, utterly devoid of affectation, were all that the most exacting could desire.

The *Golden City* has a glowing description of Miss Dickinson herself, which closes as follows:

As she stepped upon the green promontory of Platt's Hall, on Monday evening, and brushed back her hair from her serene temples, and gazed out upon the living sea beneath her, we saw she was a youth aiming arrows at the sun. She will exhaust her quiver, and her hand, now gleaming like a bow of promise, will fall by her side; her face now radiant with the divine aspiration for the beautiful, the good and the true, will absorb its own beams, and at last will look inward upon her own soul, chastened by experience, rendered wise by knowledge, and will find that the world moves, freighted with its Anglo-Saxons, its Latin races, its Africans, its Asiatics, and even its native-Americans, in a predestined circle. We would not discourage her nor any other intelligent well-meaning reformer. On the contrary, we hail her as an omen of good to all the people. We recommend all young ladies especially to see her and hear her, and emulate her genius, her labor and her filial excellence. Let them learn from her that self-denying labor is excellent and full of promise. Let them imitate her simplicity and earnestness her promise of perpetual admiration by intellectual culture and an honest, unaffected life.

Miss Dickinson is not pretty, but she is handsome; she is not stylish, but she is refined; she is not lovely, but lovable; not stunning, but admirable. She has one surpassing, enviable, glorious Grecian quality—she can stand still!—which not one young woman in a thousand can do. She can look straight onward—a rare power. She can talk and use ten consecutive words that have meaning. Her voice is clear as a bell and full-toned. Her enunciation is articulate and distinct, and lacks remoteness only because she speaks to the near instead of the distant. She reads a great deal, but we fear she studies too little. Inspiration is no substitute for the infinite treasures of learning. We wish she would deliver one lecture to the young ladies, the Misses of San Francisco, and tell them what a complete woman may be and should be. Reveal to them the secret of lasting admiration, which they all desire to discover. Miss Dickinson is still in all the fullness and surplus life of youth; not a thought of age has dashed her face or her soul. The high hope of a so far successful life beams from her expressive eyes. Her step is as elastic as her spirit. We long to see her once in the whirlwind of righteous ire, satirizing some baseness, or denouncing some inhumanity. In this she would be gloriously illogical and therefore eloquent.

California will be better for her visit, and we wish her every good fortune.

#### THE FOURTH OF JULY.

**WOMAN'S RIGHTS IN McCAMISH.**—A correspondent sends us the following account of a celebration of the Fourth in McCamish township, Johnson county, from which it will be seen the ladies of that locality have boldly raised the standard of revolt:

LANESVILLE, KANSAS, July 5, 1869.

**EDITOR TRIBUNE:** We had a lively time on the 3d celebrating the Fourth, in the interest of a Methodist Church at Lanesfield. The Olmste brass band were present and did honor to themselves in entertaining the large audience with the very best of music. The Declaration of Independence was read by Mrs. Hulett. An eloquent oration was delivered by Mrs. H. I. Fisk. One dollar per couple was charged for tickets to the dinner table. The church enterprise received substantial aid to the amount of one hundred and sixty dollars, after deducting expenses.

The proceedings of the day closed with three cheers for the band, three cheers for the glorious Fourth, and the unanimous passage of the following resolution:

"Resolved, That we, the citizens of McCamish township, Johnson county, Kansas, hereby tender our sincere thanks to Mrs. H. I. Fisk, for the able and eloquent oration given us on this occasion, for the benefit of the M. E. Church at Lanesville, and assure her of our appreciation of her efforts in behalf of popular education and impartial suffrage."

If women will only take charge of "the 4th" hereafter; it will become an occasion for national education and elevation instead of a noisy carrouse as in the past. Our congratulations to Mrs. Fisk.

#### ENGLISH CORRESPONDENCE.

LETTER XXV.

KESWICK, Cumberland, June 26, 1869.

THE holidays have begun, and by way of observing them fully, and rejoicing to the utmost in the sweet summer season, three days ago I left Manchester and its thronging, human life, and full-charged human interests, and turned my face northwards. At Preston I was joined by a friend from the south, and we immediately proceeded on a pilgrimage to

FURNESS ABBEY.

From Preston we went first to Lancaster, where we took a peep at John of Gaunt's Castle, and then came round Morecambe Bay, and across the famous Lancaster Sands, views of which are to be seen in almost every collection of pictures. They have a tragic, as well as a pictorial interest, as the scene of many sudden accidents. Wagons and carriages, with their occupants, horses and all, have, more than once, been engulfed in the quicksands, or swallowed up in the rising tide. Now, the railway train drives triumphantly across the sands, passing right over the sea in two parts. At Ulverstone, we thought of George Fox and his lady wife Margaret, whose house, Swarthmore Hall, is near, and beside it the first Friends' meeting-house, but we had not time to visit them. This region abounds in still older memories of the past, and we find ourselves, as it were, upon holy ground. Within a circle of a few miles three stately Abbeys stood along this sacred shore. Cartmel Priory, on the middle point of the bay, Conishead Priory, in the "Paradise of Furness," and on the "Fudernesia," or further nss. (promontory) of the bay, the House of St. Marye of Furness, whose Abbot was feudal lord of the district. The situation of the abbey is very fine. It stands, in its lonely grandeur, in a hollow glen with a natural rampart of hills. A little stream runs by it, singing day and night a requiem to the departed, whose voices it accompanied in former days, in their chants at Matins and Vespers. The ruins of the abbey are extensive.

I do love these ancient ruins;  
We never tread upon them, but we set  
Our foot upon some reverend history.

Let us trace a little way the history of this grand old Abbey in the "female line." You are aware, no doubt, that most of the illustrations of costume, of chariot and horse gear, and of kingly and knightly panoply, in mediæval times, with which our "pictorial histories" abound, are taken from the Bayeux tapestry which was marked by William the Conqueror's good Queen Matilda and her maidens. Playing beside the embroidery frame, and no doubt, assisting in the work when her little hand had learned its cunning, was Matilda's fair daughter, and one dutiful child, Adela, for she was the only sister of those turbulent lads, Robert, William, and Henry, whose quarrels history re-

cords. But Adela was soon called away from her mother's side and the peaceful embroidery frame, to weave her own life-mark as Countess of Blois. One of the principal figures in that work was her son Stephen, afterwards king of England. A brave and thoughtful man he was, though of an overweening ambition. This Abbey of Furness stands in evidence of his better nature, and of the wise lessons of his mother. It was founded in 1127, in Stephen's early manhood, and the preamble to its charter, subscribed by the Earl's own hand, and "confirmed by the sign of the holy cross," contains these words:

Considering, every day, the uncertainty of life, that the roses and flowers of kings, emperors, and dukes, and the crowns and palms of the great wither and decay, and that all things, with an uninterrupted course, tend to dissolution and death, I, therefore, etc.

The old wall encloses an area of sixty-five acres within which stand the buildings of the abbey—now, only walls, and arches, and broken pillars, and mullionless windows. The remains of its tributary buildings are strewed around chapels, and cloisters, and belfry tower, with the refectory, the granary, the bake-house and mill, the infirmary and the school house, the fish-pond, the watch-tower for the beacon-fire to warn ships at sea.

The night-shade now festoons the arches beside which it grew of old, when the white-robed Cistercians engraved it as a fitting emblem and the seal of their abbey.

When Stephen became king, he added the crowned heads of himself and of Maude, his queen, to the sculptured ornaments of the abbey, where they are still to be seen.

AMBLESIDE—HARRIET MARTINEAU.

We left Furness Abbey, by train, at nine in the morning on Midsummer day, and arrived at Lakeside station in time for the steamer on Lake Windermere. This is the largest of the sixteen lakes of Cumberland and Westmoreland. There are also fifty-two smaller tarns that beautify and be-gem this mountain region. Windermere would seem a small lake to you who have seen nature on a large scale. It is but eleven miles long and a mile and a half wide. At first it is narrower,

Wooded Windermere, the river lake, but gradually it widens, and the lovely islets come into view. On one of these stood a chapel dedicated to "our Lady."

To visit Lady Holm of yore,  
Where stood the blessed virgin's cell,  
Full many a pilgrim dipp'd the oar.

The scenery on the sides of the lake is rich and wooded rather than grand. The mountains tower in the distance, and look grandest at the head of the lake, where the rivers Rothay and Brathay flow into it. Here we landed, and walked up to Ambleside, which is only one mile distant. The village, containing about fifteen hundred inhabitants, is in a well wooded and cultivated valley, watered by several mountain streams. One of these produces the *force*, or waterfall, called "Stock Ghyll Force," about half a mile from the "Salutation" Inns. The water dashes down over the rocks, some seventy feet in depth, in three falls. Ascending by the side of the stream, many beautiful views of these falls gleam out through the copse-wood, Wansfell and Birkhane standing sentinels in the distance. After seeing the Force we went to The Knoll to inquire for Mrs. Harriet Martineau, and to call upon her niece, Miss J. M., who takes charge of her household. The Knoll is a pretty house, just outside the village, on



the Keswick road. It is in the style called Elizabethan, the painted gables of the front being quite covered with ivy and other trailing plants, and garlanded with roses. It faces the wooded heights of Loughrigg, on the side of which, half-hidden in the trees, is Fox How, the country home of the good and great Dr. Arnold, where he enjoyed so many happy holidays with his family after his hard school work at Rugby; and where Mrs. Arnold and her daughters still reside.

Mrs. Harriet Martineau never sees visitors now, as, from the nature of her complaint, organic disease of the heart, she is forbidden all excitement, and her defect of hearing makes all conversation impossible. In this sweet spot she has lived thus uninterruptedly, in ever-increasing seclusion, for about fourteen years. Many world-renowned works have issued from these bowery walls; and from this gaily-trellised and flower-crowned porch a voice has gone forth on subjects of historical, as well as every present human interest—a voice of power—on subjects which few men, and still fewer women, are competent to speak upon. It may be truly said that to have read all Harriet Martineau has written would be an education in itself. In a former letter I noticed her last work—*Historical Sketches*—and I may again have occasion to refer to it. It is sad to think of it as the last wave of that fertilizing flood of thought with which she has enriched the world. Until recently, Mrs. H. Martineau contributed articles to the *Daily News*, and the healthy tone of that journal may be traced to her wise counsels and sustaining influence. Increasing illness and infirmity have caused her to give up writing for the press altogether, but we learned from her niece that she still takes a vivid interest in all that is going on in the world of thought and of action in which she has been such a real and benevolent force. She takes two London daily papers: the *Pall Mall Gazette* and the *Daily News*, besides several weeklies, and she keeps up a regular correspondence with her distant friends. Every week her handwriting crosses the Atlantic, and those frail, trembling fingers may be said to move the helm in many minds which are freighted and chartered in the service of truth.

We were grieved to learn that a severe attack of her malady in January last had brought Mrs. Martineau very low and that she has scarcely yet recovered from the effects of it. She had not this summer been able, as yet, to go out on the sunny terrace in front of her house, but had occasionally sat in the porch to enjoy the fragrant air, and all the bird and insect life around. Weariness and restlessness, rather than actual pain, are the characteristics of her complaint, but her mind is as lucid and her sympathies are as warm and fresh as they ever were in the daytime of her life in which she worked so well. She has always given the strength of her name and influence to the Enfranchisement of Woman.

THE DRIVE TO KESWICK—WORDSWORTH AND HIS SISTER—MRS. HEMANS.

We left Ambleside in the afternoon, and had a splendid drive on the top of a stage-coach to Keswick. The distance is eight miles. The road passes through wild and beautiful scenery, beside three lovely lakes, Rydal Water, Grasmere, and Thirlmere, and winds among the mountains; first Steel Fell and Seat Sandal, then Helvellyn and White Pike, and Blencathra appear, and as we entered the vale of St. John, we saw the towering heights of Skiddaw

among the clefts of which snow was still lingering, midsummer day though it was. Opposite the lovely and tree-begirt Rydal Water, at the foot of Nab Scar, stands Rydal Mount, which, about ten years ago, was still the home of the Wordsworth family. The poet resided here for many years. It commands a charming view of the country. The house itself is very unpretending, and the grounds, though prettily laid out, are not extensive.

RYDAL MOUNT IS THUS FITTINGLY DESCRIBED BY

MISS JEWSEBURY.

Low and white, yet scarcely seen  
Are its walls, for smiling green;  
Not a window lets in light  
But through flowers clustering bright;  
Not a glance may wander there,  
But it falls on something fair;  
Garden choice, and fairy mound,  
Only that no elves are found;  
Winding walk and sheltered nook,  
For student grave and graver book;  
Or a bird-like bower, perchance,  
Fit for maiden and romance.  
Then far off a glorious sheen  
Of wide and sunlit waters seen;  
Hills that in the distance lie  
Blue and yielding as the sky;  
And nearer closing round the nest,  
The home of all the living crest;  
Other rocks and mountains stand  
Rugged, yet a guardian band,  
Like those that did in fable old  
Elysium from the world unfold.

At Grasmere, Wordsworth's grave, was pointed out to us. He lived here for eight years, first with his sister Dora, the inspiring genius of so many of his poems. Mr. Mill, in his *Subjection of Women*, makes some striking remarks on the suggestive character of women's minds. He says we little know how many of the most valuable thoughts given by men to the world have been derived from the minds of women, who, either from deficiency of education, or want of time and opportunity, have not been able to develop their ideas. Judging from himself, he says, some of his best and most original thoughts have had such an origin.

In many of Wordsworth's poems, beginning with the beautiful *Lines on Visiting Tintern Abbey*, we can trace a similar grateful and cordial acknowledgment of the inspiring influence of his sister's mind.

It was to this cottage in Grasmere that Wordsworth brought home his bride in 1802. In his *Farewell* to it, when he was going to fetch her, it is exquisitely described. Turn to the volume which I refrain to quote.

Mrs. Hemans spent a summer in a "Dove's Nest," among these hills. In the poetry of sentiment, Mrs. Hemans is, I think, in her own way, supreme. Here is an example in her

REMEMBRANCE OF GRASMERE.

O vale and lake, within your mountain urn,  
Smiling so tranquilly and set so deep!  
O!t doth your dreaming loveliness return,  
Coloring the tender shadows of my sleep,  
With light Elysian;—for the hues that steep  
Your shores in melting lustre, seem to float  
On golden clouds, from spirit lands remote,  
Isles of the blest;—and in our memory keep  
Their place with holiest harmonies. Fair sense  
Most loved by evening and her dewey star!  
Oh! ne'er may man with touch unhalloved jar  
The perfect music of the charm serene!  
Still, still unchanged, may one sweet region wear  
Smiles that subdue the soul to love, and tears and prayer!

THE ENDOWED SCHOOLS BILL.

Mr. Foster's Endowed Schools Bill, of which the preliminary bill has just passed through Parliament, will affect, in a very important manner, the educational rights of women in this

country, as it will open several of the great schools to girls, or at least give them a share of the revenues of those schools. Many of our old endowments were originally bestowed by the founders for girls as well as boys, but in consequence of the "Subjection of women," and according to the rule, that the unrepresented are neglected, the boys, hitherto had the lion's share in the schools as well as in the colleges and universities. This is strikingly the case with regard to Christ Hospital in London, which I mentioned in a former letter.

The Endowed Schools Bill may be said to be second only in importance and in breadth of purpose to the Irish Church Bill to which it bears some slight analogy. Commissioners, under the control of the Council of Education, are by it invested with extraordinary powers. With certain exceptions, they are authorized to deal with all educational endowments in the kingdom, for the purpose of extracting from them the best educational results. Their chief business will consist in not merely considering, but also in applying, schemes for the beneficial application of existing endowments to meet the educational wants of those for whom they were founded, and there is every prospect that girls will share in the benefit of this reconstruction. In regard to the religious, or rather the ecclesiastical, character of our endowed schools, the bill is said to be as satisfactory as it can be made in the present transitional state of public opinion. No school is to be treated as a denominational school, unless so provided for by the authority of the founder, or by regulations made within fifty years of his death and continued down to the present time. The governing bodies of the reconstructed schools will be open to dissenters as well as churchmen, and by this means, the greater number of what are called Edward the Sixth's Grammar Schools will be desecularized, that is, they will cease to be exclusively Church of England institutions.

I am, very truly yours,

REBECCA MOORE.

PHILADELPHIA POLICE—A TRUE WOMAN.

The Philadelphia Press gives the following account of a late street transaction in the "City of Brotherly Love":

On Saturday forenoon, as a colored man was standing in front of and close to Sixteenth street market, in Market street, a youth, respectfully dressed, went up to him, and, smiling in the pride and insolence of a white skin, gave him a smart slap on the face. A policeman who stood by, neither moved nor spoke. The colored man, a quiet and respectfully-dressed individual, immediately called upon the policeman to arrest the white lad for the unprovoked assault he had committed in his (the policeman's) own presence. The policeman, unheeding this demand, remained perfectly inactive, and permitted the young white ruffian to saunter on. A white woman who peddles ribbons and such small matters on the scene of the assault, indignantly remarked, when the officer stood unmoved as if nothing had occurred, that it was a great shame to permit such an act of insolent brutality to be committed without arresting the culprit on the oft-repeated supplication of the colored man. Waiting until the white youth had gone out of sight, the policeman then turned round, angrily commanded the sympathizing woman to "shut up," and threateningly added that it would be the worse for her if she did not stop interfering in business which did not concern her.

What are the wrongs of a poor colored man to a police officer? Suppose the actors in this scene had been reversed—that a black youth, without the slightest provocation, had wantonly struck a severe blow upon a white man's face, would his High Mightiness, the policeman, have allowed him to walk off unchallenged, and turned a deaf ear to the oft-repeated demand for his arrest?

## FALSE DIVISION OF LABOR.

Editor of the Revolution:

ONE of the most fruitful sources of evil in our present false system of industry, is the monotony enforced by the minute division of labor, so advantageous to the capitalists, so destructive to the laborer. A laborer who only knows how to do some small portion of the completed work and who in consequence is obliged to devote his whole time to that one thing and nothing else, is just so much less a man or woman and just so much less able to contend with capital for his rights. And the tendency among employers everywhere is to this division of labor and the allotment of the workman to one branch only of the work. In shops, the salesmen, and still worse the sales women, are not only obliged to stand all day, but they are confined to one "department" and restricted to a small space, a refinement of torture worthy of the Inquisition. According to Fourier one of the essential conditions of a just industry is "short sessions" which enable every one to work at any desired labor so long as he can do so enthusiastically and efficiently, giving opportunity for change when tired to some other attractive industry, which affords the best sort of rest. In this way the whole man is developed instead of the fragments made by the present system, which produces a poorer and poorer quality of workers and eliminates manhood entirely. It is this eternal monotony which is a basic cause of intemperance, and until we remove the cause the evil will surely remain. And it is because the best workmen feel the need of variety the most that the best workmen are more often victims of intemperance than the more stupid and phlegmatic. Women also suffer more than men from this form of social oppression. They have not, I think, hitherto suspected it. May their eyes be opened.

F. & C.

ELGIN, Kane Co., Ill., July 26th, 1869.

MY DEAR MRS. STANTON: I send you a few thoughts suggested by reading an editorial in the N. Y. Independent of July 22d. Mr. Tilton, after reviewing at considerable length Mr. Mill's book (*The Subjection of Women*), says:

Yet we could wish that he had gone a little out of his way to say something about the one objection to woman's political emancipation which is most often present and powerful in the minds of all opponents and of many advocates of that reform, and yet which is hardly ever formally urged in public argument; which has never, so far as we know, received anything like scientific treatment; and which, indeed, is generally ignored altogether in the open controversy. It is the argument which was just touched upon by Miss Catherine Beecher and Mrs. Stowe, in their recently published work, when they spoke of "the introduction of woman to the political arena, bringing into dangerous activity the special temptation of her sex."

We were surprised to find ladies of the mental calibre of those above mentioned entertaining and advancing such an opinion as an objection.

"Bringing into dangerous activity the special temptation of her sex." Why not say of the sexes? Is it of more temptation to one sex than the other? or do those ladies think we of the feminine gender, are so much more easily tempted, that we should not place ourselves in such close proximity to the tempter? I naturally infer from their language that man is always the tempter. Are we, then, to shun males through fear of their temptation and our fallibility and thereby retrograde? as a man or a woman alone, is only a part of a perfect whole, and dependent upon commingling toge-

ther, in their mental, social, political, and spiritual development. "Novelty is the parent of pleasure," and through it human beings, both male and female, succumb to temptation. Let boys and girls, men and women, mingle together from cradlehood, as the Almighty intended, in one great multitudinous family, and not isolate them to merely the family circle. Then will mingling together politically, or socially, cease to be a novelty; and consequently an attractive temptation to immorality.

MELODY ECHO.

## A NEW WORKER IN THE FIELD.

PHILADELPHIA, August 6, 1869.

Editor of the Revolution:

I AM just returned from the celebrated watering place, Cape May, and while there I attended a Woman's Rights meeting, and heard a most brilliant lecture by Miss Clair R. De Evere. She is a handsome young lady of about twenty-one years, was beautifully attired in a rich black silk with a white satin surplice, and if the lecture she delivered at the Cape is a fair sample of her intellectual powers, she is on the way to being the brightest ornament on the platform of human rights that we have on this continent. Such devotion to the cause as she manifested while there, claims admiration. It would be well if other ladies would follow her example; for notwithstanding the sneers of the pretended aristocracy, and there is a large number that consider themselves on that plane, she succeeded in getting together some earnest souls who are doing battle for the right. HENRY DE PAU.

## WHAT THE PRESS SAYS.

From the New York Times.

DR. BUSHNELL argues that if women were allowed to vote, they would get befouled by the dirtiness of the polls and the vices of electioneering. But Mr. Emerson argues that, when women become voters, "we must arrange to have voting clean and honest and polite; the state must build palaces and halls, in which women can deposit their votes in the presence of their sons and brothers and fathers." What would the "unwashed Democracy" think of this?

They will wash, shave, put on clean clothes, and escort their lady friends to the beautiful public temples, where these solemn rites of citizens will be performed. Emerson argues like a philosopher in the nineteenth century. Bushnell like a Turk, who fears to trust woman outside the harem.

SEVERE.—We have seldom read a more incisive criticism than the following "short notice" from the *Biblical Repository* for July, on the Rev. Mr. Fulton's book, "Woman as God made her."

"This is an excellent book, written in opposition to the uprightness and unsexed efforts, so extensively and persistently made by certain women, to turn the world upside down, and inside out. If angels, in attempting to change the sphere of their activity become demons, we shudder to think what women will become if their present effort should be successful. Fallen angels are invisible, inaudible, and intangible. This, unhappily, will not be the case with transmuted women. When the change takes place, men will have to pray to be transferred to another planet."

As the fallen angels were all men, this is indeed very "incisive" on our "white male" friends. We have too high an idea of God to think he is responsible for the present type of womanhood. Her degradation and deformity seem to harmonize so well with man's ideas that we incline to the opinion that she is his handy-work, as now constituted, but when THE REVOLUTION succeeds in turning everything "inside out and upside down," we hope to real-

ize the divine idea and show the world "Woman as God made her." When that good time comes we promise you that the men will be too happy in the change to desire a home in any other planet.

From the New York Times.

The telegraph replies to our question as to the nationality of the passengers by the Japan, from China, and adds, with some other details to sex and vocation. "One hundred and twelve of the passengers were Chinese women, sent for the purpose of prostitution." The coolie importation is not, after all, unmixd advantage.

If our present effort is successful, these women will become virtuous citizens, voting down laws and public sentiment that make woman the victim of man's lust.

Brigham Young, addressing the women and girls of his dominion, argues that polygamy is a means of maintaining social morality; because, if the superfluity of the female sex is allowed to take its chances in the world, as among the "Gentiles," crowds of poor girls must go, or be led, astray. He wishes women would see it, and adopt his ideas and advice. But in this, they would only be imitating the behavior of the reptiles, long ago, when St. Patrick "went for them," and when

"The frogs committed suicide

To save themselves from slaughter!"

The women would hardly improve their condition by following the Irish example of those illogical old bachelors.

When women begin to ponder these social problems with seriousness they will mark out new paths on this green earth, wherein the "superfluity of their sex" may walk in uprightness, or, better still, so study the "laws of life" that there will be no superfluity. Man has much to learn on this point at woman's feet.

From the San Francisco Golden City.

Whether women ever get the ballot or not, one thing is certain, they are fast attaining a prominent position on the lecture platforms. Among those who have demonstrated that women can understand and discuss the great questions of the day as well as the sterner sex, we can mention Lucretia Mott, Mrs. Stanton, Miss Anthony, Julia Ward Howe, Olympia Brown, Miss Dickinson, Lucy Stone, Rev. Mrs. Hansford. A few years ago, the engagement of a woman in the ministry would have created a sensation. Yet now there are women, eloquent and learned, in the pulpits of the most "conservative" as well as the most "advanced" denominations. In 1789 a paper called the *Massachusetts Spectator* noted with surprise the presence of several ladies in the galleries of the Federal State House in New York, where Congress was then in session. Now it often happens that the female spectators in the Capitol outnumber the males, and the female correspondents at Washington during the late session of Congress were as lively newswriters as any of their male colleagues. And while on the subject, we may as well say that one of the very best public speakers in California is a woman, and that woman is (or was) Mrs. Laura Cuppy.

Yes, women are close on the heels of the fortunate sex everywhere, thus stimulating them to go up a little higher. Whatever elevates woman elevates man also.

From the New York Ledger.

It would be a good thing if the conservative men and women who are always on the watch lest female speakers in public should "make geese of themselves," would occasionally make a list of the windy masculine debates to which we are often doomed. Wisdom and folly, so far as we have observed, are of no sex. Public men as often keep on their feet after they have, to all intents and purposes, "got through," as public women; and we have seen the latter disappear so far into the clouds, that not even a vestige of their coat tails was discernible.

This popular journal is not given to saying much on the subject of Woman's Rights, but it seems to be starting with the right idea of justice and equality. We have never been so happy as to witness one of these male ascessions, but we have seen many go in the opposite direction, without a coat-tail, or anything else to speak of.

The Missouri Democrat tells the women they will never get their rights so long as they train under such leaders as Miss Anthony and Mrs. Starke; we have been told.

ing them they must rid themselves of their male leaders. So "here we are again," and what's to be done? How would it answer to organize a moot government of their own, outside of and above our masculine government, just by way of experiment, and to show what they can and will do when they have the power? It will give them practice and constitute a preparatory school for the political life to which they aspire.

Alas! dear brother, what would a moot government amount to, while we remain the target for all your wit, irony, ridicule, malice and mischief? No matter who leads, if we can only rouse the women. It is quite probable that there will be division among them on political questions as among men. Already we see a marked difference of opinion. Some, not yet wholly free from the old idea of male superiority, are waving their pocket-handkerchiefs for "manhood suffrage," others more wise and far-seeing, oppose the establishment of an aristocracy of sex in this republic, as a fresh insult and degradation to woman. To the latter class we of *THE REVOLUTION* belong, as the scales fell from our eyes long since. Haverd male legislation 6,000 years, we say, "hold, enough." We do not propose, at this stage of civilization to submit our necks to a foreign yoke, to make Coolies, Japanese or Africans our judges and legislators. Educated, refined women first; depraved, ignorant men afterward.

From the Troy Times.

Women, take the 4th of July into your own hands.—*Revolution.*

Suppose they do, to what place in their procession will they admit us?

From the loopholes of your retreat in seclusion and shade, you will look admiringly on us pass by. We would save you from the fatigue and exposure of a procession on a July day.

From the Sun.

Miss Anthony requests every member of the Working-women's Association to inquire of her husband, brother, or other person's brother, as the case may be, what Congressional district she lives in? This is a little game of Miss Anthony's to show up the ignorance of the men, as she says not one man in twelve himself knows what district he lives in.

How many gentlemen on the editorial staff of the *Sun* know where they live? Women have been laughed at so long for their ignorance, that it is time for Miss Anthony to turn the tables.

### WHAT A GIRL DID AND IS DOING.

THE Editor of the *La Salle* (Ill.) *Union*, describing his school days and school-fellows, gives the following sketch of one of the latter, remarkable more for dull scholarship than anything else:

One of the most notable of this class was a young girl named M—. She was a fair mathematician, a tolerable scholar; a good-natured, rather quiet girl. She had no trouble in the lower classes, and it was not until she came to those rhetorical studies, where composition is required, that she stuck fast and hopelessly. She could not write. Every year she passed through the same examinations, failed exactly in the same place, was not allowed to graduate; and, at the beginning of the next year, took her place where she had commenced the year before, and, with a docile perseverance that was funny to think of, went over, and over, and over the same round of studies, with sober, demure and pains-taking method.

She bid fair to be what a great many other girls become—the ordinary wife of an ordinary man. More than once the faculty shook their heads and declared that M— would never, they feared, become an "earnest" teacher. For five years she lived this purposeless, dull and objectless life, and then a change came.

Her parents lived in Bloomington, where her father carried on a furniture store. He was stricken down by disease, and, after a long and lingering illness, died

leaving M—, the oldest girl, her mother, a younger sister, and two younger brothers, all of them dependent upon their sister for a livelihood. People sympathized with her—sympathy is so cheap—and came to the following charitable conclusions:

1st. That she would have a hard time of it.

2d. That the best thing she could do would be to get married.

3d. That if she couldn't do that she might be able to teach school.

And having thus settled her case, they left her to her fate.

Then the girl's nature asserted itself. Instead of selling off the stock which her father left, for what she could get, and living on it until something turned up, she hired workmen, put the stock to rights, and sold it at retail. People pitied her—but they bought her goods. People sympathized with her, as if it was a dreadful thing for a girl to do what in a boy would have been thought highly commendable.

When her stock ran low, she astonished her friends by going to New York city and buying a larger lot of furniture than anyone ever before had this hardihood to bring to Bloomington—and what is more, she sold it. For the first year the open sympathy and covert sneers of her friends were hard to bear.

She succeeded, of course.

The other day we saw her, after seven years of hard work. The same old-fashioned, quiet, good-natured manner, the same M—, unpretentious obliging, demure.

And yet, she owns a store worth \$18,000, in the upper story of which she began her labors, but which is filled from cellar to garret with her goods. She purchased a house some time ago for \$7,000, and can sell it now for \$10,000. She has \$30,000 in real estate, with a stock worth \$20,000 more, and all paid up.

This is a work of a girl still young, who in school was looked upon only as possessed of ordinary abilities.

The secret was, she had persistence. She is unmarried, and—she is strong-minded; that is, she believes in woman owning property, and not being tied down to what is called woman's sphere. Who can blame her?

Had she taken the advice of those who consider that they have settled the great question of the age, she would now be toiling in a school-room, worn out, jaded and wretched, on a miserable salary of forty dollars a month. Instead of that she is free, and independent, and rich, while the rest of us, who were considered smart, are grinding along, editing country papers or starving. She is as unpretentious as ever—for the executive talent that could do so much is not one that blows its own horn.

Finally, every word we have written is true. The only reason we do not give her name in full is because we do not like to drag her name into public notice without her consent. Residents in Bloomington will know who we mean, and others who are curious can find out by addressing us personally. We only publish the case because it shows that there is no real bar to a woman's doing business, if she has natural faculty and persistence.

### WOMAN'S SPHERE AND WAGES.

A CORRESPONDENT of *Zon's Herald*, Boston, writes from Prague about what every one sees in Germany, thus:

On my way to Vienna, to-day, I fell into company with an intelligent officer of the state Railway. He was willing to listen patiently to my slow German of somewhat more than ten words a minute. And he had the good sense to conform the rapidity of his speech to my ear, as unaccustomed as my tongue. An additional track was being laid, and the gangs of laborers were made up of about equal proportions of women and men promiscuously mingled. I asked him what wages the women received for a day's work. He answered, forty kreutzers (twenty cents U. S. currency). "Do they receive the same as the men?" "O no, the men have one hundred." I looked out for the occasion of the difference. I did not discover that it was on account of their doing less work. For there stood a woman swinging a twelve pound sledge, driving spikes, which a man was complacently putting into the holes for her. A few rods farther there was a hand car pushed by a woman and a boy, in which five men were riding. I glanced into the field, where fifty hands were at work. The women certainly were keeping their end up. I remembered seeing a man riding after a team of two dogs, the day before, while women always help the dogs draw, even an empty wagon. I remembered having seen women carrying mortar and

bricks up a long ladder, while a man complacently loaded them on their willing shoulders. Less work and less willingness, surely could not account for the difference in wages. It seemed to me to be a very simple question. "O!" said he, "It costs more to furnish a man; he must have shoes, tobacco, and hat; while the women have none, and clothes made by sailors are more expensive than those women make for themselves." I looked out again, and truly, in a line of four, swiggen pickaxes, two women, without hats and pipes, were striking the sharp stones with the pick, close to their bare feet, while the men were well shod, covered, and encumbered with variously sized pipes.

### WOMAN'S SUFFRAGE IN VERMONT.

It had notice in these columns last week. Since that time the Council of Censors on Constitutional changes has reported ably and favorably, as follows:

ART. 24. Hereafter women shall be entitled to vote, and with no other restrictions than the law shall impose upon men.

For so much of the report as space permits, read below:

One half of the people of our state are denied right of suffrage, and woman has no vote. Yet she has all the qualifications—the capacity, the desire for the public welfare. She is among the governed. She pays taxes. She-banded justice, a fair application of the principles of the Declaration of Independence and of our state constitution, above quoted, give woman the ballot and do not shut out from it one-half of the intelligence, and more than one-half of the moral power of the people. Custom and prejudice alone, stand in the way. There is no reason why woman should not be allowed to do what she is so eminently fit to do. We have seen no objection to Woman Suffrage that has not been successfully met. We know no good reason why the most ignorant man should vote, and the intelligent woman be refused.

Our present political institutions were formed and shaped when men had their chief interests and pursuits out of doors, and women remained the humble slaves at home. The social change has been immense. Now woman sits by the side of man, is his companion and associate in his amusements, and in all his labors, studies, pursuits and interests, save the one of governing the country. And it is time that she should be his associate in this.

The position of woman in regard to the common schools of the state is the most absurd and unjust that can be imagined. She must always be the chief instructor of the young in point of time and influence. She is their best teacher at home and in the school. And her share in this ever-expanding work is becoming larger every day. Woman as mother, sister, teacher, has an intelligence, a comprehension of the educational needs of our youth, and an interest in their development, far in advance of the other sex. She can organize, control and teach the most difficult school in the state; yet she has no vote in the selection of teachers, the building, arrangements and equipments of school houses, neither in the method and extent of instruction. She can pay her share of the expenses of schools, but can have no legal voice in their management. She can teach, but she can have no vote in determining what shall be taught. She is the very corner stone of institutions which she has no lawful vote in shaping. Suffrage alone can carry woman's right and privilege into the district school. And especially let us have her open, avowed and public responsibility and co-operation—always safer than indirect influence—always more honest and efficient than a kitchen cabinet.

CALIFORNIA GIRLS IN THE YO-SEMITE.—A correspondent of the *San Francisco Chronicle*, writing from the Yo-Semite Valley, says that he yields the palm to women for hardihood and endurance as explorers. They climb higher, ride higher, get wetter, scream louder, eat more turkey and drink more stimulant than most men. You should have there seen, he says, our San Francisco schoolmistresses ride! Kidding their horses over bogs, in bogs, down precipices, across rivers, astride, man fashion, pantaloons, hair flying—thus did this branch of the public school department dispute themselves. They burst their conventionalities. The inner spirit of femininity, crushed and smothered as it is by the conventionality of the city, is entirely free in the Valley. As for the men! I blush for my sex. They crept along after those girls like a lot of old men. In piloting the girls about they became lost and remained lost.



# The Revolution.

ELIZABETH CADY STANTON, Editor.  
SUEAN B. ANTHONY, Proprietor.

NEW YORK, AUGUST 12, 1869.

## "THE WORLD" FORSAKES US.

Now that the *Sun*, the *Tribune*, the *Evening Post*, the *Commercial Advertiser*, have all taken up the cause of their countrywomen, some solemnly, some facetiously, the *World*—we say it with deep sorrow and humiliation—seems about to desert it.

In a recent editorial, it contrasts the Suffrage movement in England and this country, and indignantly eulogizes the English women at our expense.

It says, "there the movement is more like a crusade, while here it is carried on like a picnic; there the women sit still and listen, and able men plead their cause, while here the women are their own advocates; there they are earnest, logical and reasonable, while here the light artillery of wit and ridicule plays round our rulers' heads until they are fairly dizzy."

In face of the facts, was there ever such random talk as this? With dozens of men, and some the most gifted in the country, always talking on our platform, with the able reports of our conventions published to the world, with the intense earnestness of our women on this question, we are at a loss to know on what data the *World* bases its assertions.

We can only account for that editorial on the supposition that some man must have written it. The genus homo is a marvellous manifestation, "uncertain, not coy, but hard to please." Having a rare cabinet of specimens, we have studied it under all conditions and ages, from one year old to sixty, and must confess that in spite of its many noble virtues and attractions, it has phases in which it is intensely obtuse, obstinate, obstreperous and always objecting. Propose what you will, and the first word from a man or a boy is an objection. They always see lions in the way.

Twenty years ago the women in this country wrote able speeches and delivered them with such pathos and power, such earnestness and unction, that no strong-minded woman was supposed to have a grain of fun or satisfaction in her whole system. Then the *World* used to say that we all looked so sour, and discontented, so old, and ugly, and badly dressed, and ill-mannered, that it was enough to kill any cause. So we dried up our tears, schooled our dolorous facial muscles to express cheerfulness and content, polished up our words and our wardrobes until, like Memnon at sunrise, we all began to sing and shine in the eyes of the people.

Then, too, we had argued and reasoned, quoted law and gospel, the wise sayings of patriarchs, politicians, priests, popes, and poets, until the *Sun*, the *Tribune*, the *Times*, the *Evening Post*, the *Express*, the *Commercial Advertiser*, *Tay*, *Blanche*, *Sweetheart*, and all of them, practically said they had had enough of the argument; it made a man mad to be cornered, especially by a woman. "You should amuse us," said they, "make us laugh and cry in your conventions, touch our sentiments and affections, by a little good-natured ridicule, and in due time, we must surrender." So we gave the

risible and lachrymose propensities of masculinity a new consideration, studied the ludicrous view of man's headship, pretensions and assumptions, armed ourselves with *bon mots*, anecdotes and facts of an amusing and tender character. Being fairly prepared for the siege with this artillery, which Gail Hamilton tried on Dr. Todd with great success, lo! to-day, the besieged cry out, "hold, enough! we can't stand ridicule, give us the old system of lampooning with law and logic?"

The English women to-day are just where we were twenty years ago. After crusading for so long a time, we have surely earned the right to enjoy a little pic-nic. Even Richard O'Leary de Leon feasted and fatted on his return to London, after his crusade to Jerusalem. After having walked with peas in our shoes, and worn sackcloth so long, we think the *World* might let us be a little merry, especially as our Adams are now all wide awake on the question, writing little books, and poems, and sermons, and Lyceum lectures, and talking Woman's Suffrage in all their uprisings and downings. True, they have not made much progress, as they still ask, "will women fight?" "will not voting instantly transform them into men?" Poor things, though these ant hills, are now real stabling blocks in their way, we hope they will be able in time to walk round them, if they cannot go over them.

The *World* innocently asks us the question, why, like the Englishwomen, we do not sit still in our conventions, and get "first class men" to do the speaking? We might, with equal propriety, ask the *World's* editorial staff why they do not lay down their pens and get first class men to edit their journal?

The Englishwomen are not orators, the American women are.

There are, at least, an hundred women in this country who can speak as well as any hundred men in the councils of the nation. Anna E. Dickinson draws larger audiences in the Lyceum than any other orator. In fact, our countrymen themselves seem to prefer to listen to women, for most eloquent men have been hissed down in our conventions, again and again, when a woman was received with applause.

As we sat in the Brooklyn Convention and heard Mrs. Livermore, Olive Logan, and Phoebe Couzins (who had all quite recently made their debut on the platform) speak beside such men as Messrs. Beecher, Haven, and Douglass, who have been talking in public all their lives, we felt well satisfied that woman was the best advocate of her own cause.

Nevertheless, we are always glad of the help of "first class men," and need it. We have invited the editor of the *World* to speak for us again and again, and shall be most happy to announce him for our convocation next May. We should be sorry to have any one think that we do not appreciate our fathers, husbands, brothers and sons as highly as Englishwomen do theirs, for we honestly think that there are no wiser, braver, nobler, more chivalrous men than our countrymen, especially the editors of the *N. Y. press*, and the only reason we do not sit forever at their feet seeking wisdom is, because, by some mysterious Providence, we learned the whole problem of life some other way.

E. C. S.

MRS. MOORE'S LETTERS.—It can hardly be necessary to bespeak attention to them. This week she is more than usually interesting. Next week she will be no less so.

## DOMESTIC SERVICE.

Under this heading the *N. Y. Express* makes these mistakes:

Why should American girls, who are willing to toil daily in making shirts and dresses, for a few shillings a day at most, be unwilling to labor fewer hours, with better pay, in far better homes, in the families of this country? Can sensible American girls tell us why? The so-called reason is obvious enough, but it is really so destitute of reason that it is strange any one is willing to give any excuse even for so much folly. The hardest place in the kitchen or country must be easy work compared with what is exacted in the sewing circles in the city. The eternal stitch, stick, error, is often one of back-aching pain at best, and the labor is most exacting upon health, time, patience, and often the pay is most wretched—whereas, in domestic service, in a good family, there is usually a good room to sleep in, good food to eat, comparatively light work, and an appreciation of polite and kind service, hardly found in any other occupation.

The *Express* is certainly wide of the actual facts in these statements, nearly every one of them. They all may be true in the writer's own family, but not generally. No sensible girl ever "willingly makes shirts and dresses for a few shillings a day," when she can be "in a better home, under better pay, and laboring fewer hours in the families of this country." It is a choice of evils with her. She cannot labor fewer hours in a family, nor so few, and give satisfaction. The truth is, in families, girls at service have no time they can call their own, day nor night, Sunday, any nor day. The Catholic church is open before daylight a part of the year, that girls and others similarly situated, may attend worship before their Sunday's work begins. And in thousands and thousands of families, Sunday is the longest and hardest day of the week to the servants. Whether their worship be true or false, good for them, or otherwise, they certainly attend upon it, even at those unseasonable hours, with a zeal and devotion deserving of the highest praise. It is not, perhaps, easy to comprehend this situation, looking at it only from the outside, and with no experience in it whatever. A man who never sewed a seam nor dived in a low, dark, hot, subterranean kitchen, into which the sun never looked and never can, is not exactly the jury to try the comparative desirableness of the two conditions, supposing the time occupied to be the same in both. But whatever the sewing girl does, the kitchen maid works seven days in the week, and from twelve to fifteen hours in a day on the average. The editors of the *Express* may judge other families by their own, in the Elysian picture they draw of a kitchen maid's life. But I know that generally the case is wide from such a view as possible. The work is never "comparatively light" in genteel households. Never. I have travelled pretty extensively on both continents, and have not always slept. And I am prepared to declare that in many houses of four and five floors above each other, the girls who do the work would never reach sixty years of age, did they do nothing else but make their regular daily journeys (who knows how many?) up and down the stairs, entirely empty-handed, and touching no other work whatever.

And then as to "good rooms to sleep in;" I have seen families of wealthy, genteel, religious, church-going, missionary-supporting people, who provided no rooms whatever in which their help did or could sleep! And in many, if not in most of the large houses in cities, everywhere, the kitchen is a dimly dark, unventilated, uncomfortable, out-of-the-way place, with sink and all other odorous and disagree-

able appointments festering about it; and the servants' sleeping rooms are in thousands of instances, cheerless and windowless, in whatever garret, or other space is not, and cannot, possibly be otherwise appropriated! and often it is in the kitchen itself. So that if a servant have a leisure hour, by day or night, she has no comfortable or decent spot to which she can retire, to work, read, or rest.

As to the "appreciation" of "polite and kind service," in what proportion of "our best families," so called, is such appreciation found? If anything is better known in New York than any other thing, it is that as between employers and employed, there is almost universally a state of actual, open and unceasing war. It is not the fault of either party alone that it is so. Labor is dreaded, and laborers despised. Everybody avoids work who can. And agricultural labor in the country and household service in the town are more dreaded and despised than any other. The tracks on the highways to the cities, like those into the fabled lion's den, all lead in; none out. The fable is singularly instructive. The emigration is not out of the city into the country, as it should be, but into the city from the country, as it should not be. And the city, like the lion's den, is paved with victim bones. Like the Scripture roads to life and death, one is broad and thronged, but it leads to the city and to death; the other narrow and straight, and few find it, though it lead to the country and to life everlasting!

It is dread of hard, menial labor which makes the difference. In the rural districts, everywhere, merchants and professional men are always envied by the young men of the farms. And milliners, dressmakers and schoolmistresses are more respected and sought after than the daughters of the farmers. And to that is to be traced the emptying of the country into the town.

Mr. M. D. Conway has some capital thoughts on this subject in one of his *Atlantic Monthly* articles as below:

I am tired of the stories about Western farmers burning their corn. Let the dry-goods clerks be set to work on the railroads and canals to bring it to the seaboard. With butter at sixty cents a pound, and beefsteak at forty cents a pound, and flour at eighteen dollars a barrel, as they are in Boston at this present writing, it is absurd to say that we are producing enough for home consumption and for exportation too. Many and many a poor family have given up butter and sugar and juicy meat within these last eight years. The fact that a paper dollar is but two-thirds of a gold dollar, cannot account for provisions being two or three times their former price. No; the real trouble is that the American hates farming and loves trading, partly because he is physically undeveloped, and therefore physically lazy; partly because farming is lonely and stupid, and without any of the stimulus of human companionship to which his childhood at the district school accustoms him; partly because at that school he got no knowledge or love of nature, but only the trading ideas instilled by six years' drill in the dollar-and-cent examples of the arithmetic; and last, though not least, because farming kills his wife; takes all the bloom, flesh, and vitality away from her at forty.

Labor in the city at once gravitates to class and caste, and the kitchen girl, like the room where she does her work, is the lowest of all, and she is respected accordingly. Whereas if she be the cook, and competent to fill the place, she should be counted the first person of the household, and better entitled to a doctor's degree than one in a dozen who have attained to it.

Of "politeness and kindness" on the part of servants and "appreciation" on the part of masters and mistresses, I think that even the *Express* must admit that the less said under that head, the better. Undoubtedly, as already in-

timated, it may speak truly of its own household. And to the credit of human nature, there are not a few in the civilized world of whom the same may be truly spoken. I have seen some in both this country and Great Britain. And no more refreshing spectacle blesses one's eyes than to see employers and employed growing old together, and in mutual confidence, respect and esteem, in a world so full of every form of irregularity and confusion as this. Girls have refused very good offers of marriage and of higher wages, too, in instances I have seen, because they would not leave families where they had long lived and were respected, esteemed and trusted, and where by years of good conduct they had earned such "appreciation" and had had the good fortune to live in families able and willing to comprehend and acknowledge it. One might expect republicanism, sanctified by christianity, would obliterate, at least, as many distinctions among men as did the Roman and Greek philosophy. But it is not so. It was not so in southern slavery, it is not so now, north or south, as between employers and employed. It was Zeno who, two or three hundred years before Christ came, taught that "all men are by nature equal, and virtue alone establishes a difference between them;" while Seneca has whole pages of exhortations to masters to remember that the accident of position in no degree affects the real dignity of man—that the slave may be free by virtue, while the master is a slave by vice, and that it is ever the duty of a good man to abstain not only from all cruelty, but even from all feelings of contempt towards his slaves.

An infusion of such a spirit, pagan though it was, into our democracy and religion, would go very far towards removing the evils of which the *New York Express* and so many others now justly complain.

P. P.

## MR. FORNEY.

FORNEY recently accused THE REVOLUTION of containing a "grossly indecent" article. THE REVOLUTION, in a sarcastic vein, replies that "the editor and proprietor of two large papers, both daily," must be offended, or he would not have dealt so severely with individuals as humble and inexperienced as are those who conduct THE REVOLUTION, and thinks he might have designated the offensive article. Forney declines to designate "for many reasons," thus leaving the public to suppose that the principal one is, because he can't. Is this thing thus, or is it not?—*New York Commercial Advertiser*.

It is, undoubtedly; for a wise guardian of public morals would condemn the offender from his own mouth.

One may imagine the perplexity and doubt a refined woman feels when a cultivated gentleman, blushing behind his hat, tells her that she has shocked him! and her excessive embarrassment, in being unable to ascertain in what way.

While we feel the most tender sympathy for Mr. Forney's nervous condition every time he reads THE REVOLUTION, we do think that he is grossly unjust to us and his readers, that he does not tell precisely where and how we inflict these terrible wounds on public morals. Such is our regard for this distinguished editor and gentleman, that we would prune our rhetoric, etymology, syntax and prosody (everything but our principles), a good deal to gratify his cultivated tastes, if we only knew wherein we offend, but how can we reform unless our judge sets forth our crime? It is a violation of editorial etiquette to assert that a journal is indecent without some specification of the article or sentiment expressed. As there is a distinct moral code for man and woman, the idea of

what is delicate and decent may vary in the two sexes, and, at least, half the world might repudiate Mr. Forney's accusation.

The express object for which THE REVOLUTION was started was to benefit public morals, and hosts of refined women have congratulated us on our success.

We propose in the future as in the past to discuss everything that relates to woman's well-being, and no hue and cry of "grossly indecent" will prevent us from saying what we think wise and proper on the political, religious and social status of woman, fully believing that a right-minded woman is a better judge of all that degrades her sex than any man can possibly be.

If the relations of men and women in every day life are gross and demoralizing to the race, we shall point out wherein they are so, and suggest what we see as the remedy. If men are shocked at the bare statement of their deeds of darkness and death, what must their victims be in the terrible realization?

Southern slaveholders howled when Northern papers began to publish the secrets of their plantation homes, and stronger men than Mr. Forney will stand aghast as the dark pages of women's wrongs are revealed; as the terrible crimes against them, in our jails, prisons, asylums and even in their own homes, are blazoned to the world. Mid moral and physical putrefaction, seething disease and corruption, with the blind, the halt, the deaf and the dumb, laughing idiots, raving lunatics, licentious fops and disgusting drunkards, mocking on every side the mothers who bore them, what an insult to common sense, to religious earnestness for full-grown men to talk of "delicacy" to those who with healing in their wings have gone down to cleanse the stygian pools of vice in this christian civilization! It would have been as fitting to arraign the army of the republic in the late war for their lack of delicacy in fighting the battles of freedom.

Life is not a tournament, Mr. Forney, where men prance on glossy steeds, and women throw them crowns and flowers, but a scene of suffering and conflict, where the strong and the fortunate ones are in duty bound to bear the burthens of the weak.

E. C. S.

## NOISY WOMEN AND GENTLE WOMEN.

I WANT you to tell me what you would propose should be done about those noisy, pushing women who will enter into party strifes and feuds, and, conjoined with the same kind of pushing, managing men, will manage everything, leaving the gentle, earnest ones unheard? And what about those primary meetings of which we hear and truly, such a lamentable account—how could women of the gentler order go into them? Should there not be an intelligence list, or some other list fixed upon for all voters before we go further?

So writes an excellent young woman now travelling and visiting in this country, and whose sovereign, when at home, is a woman, but no better woman than herself; nor by natural and acquired endowments, aside from the experience of a thirty years reign, any more competent to rule a great nation. But to her, evidently, there is something, if not quite preposterous, at least a little perilous in extending the right of suffrage to the women of this republic. If it were certain to make one of them Chief-Magistrate for the space of thirty, perhaps fifty years, most of us would deem it dangerous also. And yet the Elizabeths and Victorias of Great Britain have little cause to fear comparison with any of the governments of the globe in ancient or in modern times. But to divide the

sovereignty among millions, and half of them men, and with a vast preponderance of both men and women, not of "the noisy, pushing kind," but of "the gentle and earnest," rather, surely there could be but small danger.

And besides, the moment men and women meet and mingle together in public affairs, those "primary meetings" of "such lamentable account" will be redeemed. During the late war, women did attend such meetings, in town and country, from the cities on the coast to the settlements in the backwoods, and always with the most happy and harmonizing results. Girls in schools and colleges are even now redeeming our civilization by their influence over the other sex. Nor shall we always have the "noisy, pushing women," even in the small numbers seen to-day. And the number is, proportionately, very small. Neither material nor moral depravity is universal, even if in some instances, total. In a crowded city in the sickliest season, there are always more well families than diseased. In New York, proverbial for its wickedness, the well-disposed outnumber all the rest, or life would not be even possible.

And as there should be no noisy, pushing women, so should there be none too gentle to enter the arena even of "primary meetings," caucusses, conventions, if the cause of virtue, sobriety, good order and peace demand it of them. It is not a commendable modesty, or love of quiet retirement, that would hold a woman back from any responsibility when the welfare of her sons and daughters demands her presence and vote. Mothers have a thousand times pursued their sons to drinking and gambling saloons, and their daughters to even worse places, and snatched them from the very jaws of hell. And all the virtue in the community has approved and applauded the deed. Would it be any more a violation of woman's modesty and sense of propriety to go quietly to the polls and vote to close up those dens of death? to quench those worse than volcanic fires? Does not Bishop Simpson truly say they never will be arrested and extinguished until woman's voice and vote shall pronounce and seal their doom?

It thus becomes not woman's pleasure or privilege to be an active element in making and executing laws, but her solemn, religious duty. A duty as obligatory as faith, or penitence, or prayer. Indeed, it is both faith, repentance and prayer. How can one be said to repent who does not labor to put the sin away? Why sorrow for dangerous and destroying evils, and not strive earnestly and in every right way for their removal? Or what is prayer but corresponding work? Only the worker can pray in faith. Faith is no deader without works, than is repentance without reformation. Government languishes to-day for want of virtuous woman's influence and voice. The very reasons adduced against woman's becoming a part of the law-making power, are, of all others, the very reasons why she should—reasons as imperative as the laws of fate. That woman is different from man is why she should help make the laws which govern her, not why she should not. And the greater the difference, the weightier the reason why she should. A no wilder absurdity and monstrosity would or could it be, or any greater outrage on nature's appointments, for man to attempt to create or continue the human race alone, than for him to attempt to govern it alone, leaving woman, his own intellectual moral and spiritual equal, if not superior, a cowering, dependent, helpless being beneath his feet.

P. P.

## WOMAN'S RIGHTS MEETING IN PARIS.

On a recent Sunday the editors of the *Droit des Femmes* [Rights of Woman] (the first number of which was published about three months ago)—some persons who have given evidence of their sympathy with the object which that journal seeks to realize, and some invited guests, assembled at Notta's restaurant. There were about sixty persons present, among whom were Mmes. Maria Deraismes, Gagneur, Breuil, Lientier, Louise Bader, Arsud, Esther Sezzi, Augusta Gauberg, Messrs. Leon Richer, principal editor of the *Droit des Femmes*, Guerot of the *Opinion Nationale*, Fauvey of the *Solidarité*, Arthur Arnould and Robert Hyenne of the *Rappel*, Auguste Martin, Eugene Garcin, Eugene Nus, Felix Hement of the *Petit Journal*, Flammarion, Henri Carle, Edmond Douay, Robert Halk, A. Poulet, and De Pompery of the *Opinion Nationale*. At dessert, M. Leon Richer briefly stated the aim of the journal which he directs, and the object of the meeting. He desires to bring together to the support of this question the women who have for a long time discussed it, so that by peaceable agitation its solution may be attained in the laws and institutions of the country. He wishes to do in France what has been done in America, in England, in Germany, and in Switzerland, and to obtain results which belong to an era of reason and justice. Mlle. Maria Deraismes and M. Guerot developed this idea in addresses which were much applauded. Mmes. Louise Bader and Breuil, Messrs. Fauvey, Robert Halk, E. Douay and Robert Hyenne, also spoke briefly, and gave their ideas in a few phrases, so there was scarcely anything to note. A programme was then read, a large number of copies of which will be distributed, and in which not only platonic adhesions are solicited, but the support of active well-wishers. This programme will frighten nobody. It contains, in a clear and precise form, views which have been for a long time those of all sensible minds, honest souls, and generous hearts. It claims for woman the civil rights, the privation of which up to the present has made her in the family an inferior and despised being, to the great injury of the family itself, and made her in society a minor for life, to whom, often, the liberty is not allowed of honestly earning her bread. Those who have given to these views and vindication an expression, precise and well sustained, do not intend to have their labor unproductive; they will use all their efforts to arrive at a legal existence for woman, and it is for this purpose they desire to have, and no doubt will have, supporters devoted, resolute, and intelligent. A commission has been appointed who will advise as to the proper measures to prepare for and hasten the success of the work proposed. Among the names adopted by acclamation were those of M. Guerot, Leon Richer, the zealous promoter of this crusade of civilization, E. Legouev, Lemmonier, Mmes. Maria Deraismes, Gagneur, and Breuil. The above came last week in a copy of the *Paris Temps*. That so many influential members of the French press and other distinguished persons should have come together and given the subject of Woman's Rights and Wrongs their favorable consideration, is certainly a most cheering sign of the times.

P. P.

The Viceroy of Egypt owns and works two hundred steam cultivators on the lower Nile, and plants two hundred thousand acres of cereals annually.

## EXAMPLE FOR YOUNG CLERKS.

Nor long ago the Dry Goods and Druggist clerks, and perhaps others, were appealing to the public through the newspapers, to support them in a demand for higher wages. Were not three-quarters of them out of man's appropriate sphere in being clerks there, at all, there might be some reason in their request. As it is, they had better read the following letter from Nellie Harlan, whose name as a farmer has been mentioned before in these columns:

STORM LAKE, Iowa, July 5th 1893.

Editors of the Iowa State Register: "I am not a very strong advocate of 'Woman's Rights,' but think one has a right to take a homestead, and would think it strange if one should come and see those beautiful prairie lands and go home without exercising that right. Ere many years, the first settlers will have, home-shaded by the trees they now seem so intent on putting out. For a newly-settled place, we have good society. One need not lose either refinement or religion out here. We have preaching every fourth week, and assemble in a log cabin. I have listened to Miss Benson play upon the meadow where she had hardly room to sit herself beside it, and the music was just as nice in that log cabin as in a parlor. My parents are living, and I have a good home in Madison, but I don't believe in children remaining at home till the 'old folks die,' and then looking anxiously over the will to find their portion. \* \* \* I received letters from gentlemen (strangers) who would inquire about Buena Vista lands; speak of my homestead, and politely close the letter by asking correspondence. Now, instead of acquaintance by letter, I expect to have a personal acquaintance with the one to whom I may deed the half of my homestead. I hope that many of my lady friends are not almost, but altogether, persuaded to come and secure a home in this 'Eden of Iowa.'"

NELLIE HARLAN.

If some really good, young man will present himself, and by suitable tests and trials shall show that he lacks only enterprise and knowledge of agricultural affairs, perhaps even he may be the lucky fellow to whom Nellie "will deed the half of her homestead."

P. P.

## TRIBUNE AND HERALD.

The New York *Tribune* has read its neighbor the *Herald* a great many very solemn homilies in times past, on its bad manners, if not morals. The *Herald* has now a good opportunity to return the favor with compound interest. There may be journals that treat the Woman Suffrage enterprise and its active workers more contemptuously and every way unjustly than does the *Tribune*, but they do not find their way to this office. Almost every day, certainly every week, communications are received, some from Maine, some from California, and all the way between, complaining of THE REVOLUTION that it does not more frequently and more severely censure and condemn it. Some of its recent editorials have been most atrociously unjust to the cause and character of woman generally, and are preserved for possible future use. Meantime, if the *Tribune* can afford such abuse of a sacred cause and its advocates, let it mock on. The day hastens when it will be seen and known and felt whether it was deserved. The following are the accounts given last week by the two papers named above, of the regular weekly meeting at the Woman's Bureau of the Suffrage Association; the first from the *Herald*:

This august body of female legislators met yesterday afternoon at their headquarters, No. 49 East Twenty-third street, in goodly numbers. The young and the old, the married and the unmarried portion of the sex, were there, and many fine and even elegant toilettes were noticeable in the solemn concave of the United States female senate. Every grave and reserved countenance seemed to be armed with a plenitude of dignity and a devotion to her constituents seldom found in her



male counterpart. The presidentess was Mrs. Phelps, who, in most every particular, save parliamentary etiquette, resembles the miffing and suave Colfax, of the male Senate. Mighty questions were those that were yesterday discussed. Amidst meetings low and deep, and while significant glances shot from one distinguished senatrix to another, a resolution was carried, without a single dissenting voice, providing that the association shall hold a gathering at Newport on the 25th and 26th of August, when the momentous question of Female Suffrage will receive ample consideration. Upon motion it was also enacted that Mrs. Livermore and Susan B. Anthony be delegated to set on foot plans for extensive State organizations, which are to be tributary to the national senate. It remains to be seen if the presidentess of the female United States will veto the important measure; her Excellency, the Hon. Susan B. Anthony, is at Saratoga. A lengthy fulmination, that sounded like a resurrection speech by Xanthippe was then read by Senatrix Norton, who is a reproduction of Summer himself—handsome, scholastic and profound as she is. But the great power of this imposing body lies in one mind—that of Senatrix Charlotte B. Wilbour. She is at once the Fessenenden, the Wade and the Sumner of the Senate; besides she is a charming lady, of elegant manners, and always dresses in the height of fashion. Her tactics ready, her powers of debate intuitive, her rhetoric choice and her enunciation softer than strains from the Eolian harp. In reform she is the feminine of Senator Sprague. It was only when a scene of unparalleled and unparliamentary confusion ensued in the chamber that her authority and influence became apparent. The expenses of the senate's printing being under consideration, an excited discussion occurred over the sum of two cents. It was contended on the part of those who would prevent a wanton waste of the funds in the treasury that every one taking a copy of the printed memorial to the male Senate, asking for a Sixteenth Amendment, allowing the political amalgamation of the sexes, should be compelled to pay the sum of two cents. Others, inclined to reckless extravagance, scouted the idea; but Mrs. Senatrix Jones, the wittiest one yet, in a moment of excitement and with a noble outburst of enthusiasm, offered to lay two cents at the shrine of Female Suffrage, which appealed to the liberality of every generous heart. Hardly had her patriotic action been taken ere the rest followed suit, and the vexed question which threatened the peace of the country was happily buried forever. A subject in which the sum of fifty dollars was often mentioned in common with the female ballot then underwent microscopic examination; but the Presidentess declared it to be "muddled," a conclusion which was followed by an immediate adjournment.

The Tribune follows. It was headed:

MISS ANTHONY'S SUFFRAGE ASSOCIATION.

The ill-used angels who compose this Association straggled into their weekly meeting at the Bureau yesterday afternoon in dilatory style. One small woman, in buff linen and a scowl, dowered upon the assemblage of chairs, tables, and two melancholy reporters, gave a sniff of disgust and marched out. Two "ruralities" made their appearance, poked at the pictures on the walls of the sanctum, examined the knick-knacks scattered about, and pronounced it all "sweet." One meek specimen of masculinity crept up the stairs and hid himself in a dusky corner, out of the way of his natural superiors. One by one the gentle creatures tripped in, until nearly thirty graced the temple. The excellent Mrs. Phelps presided, as usual. Dressed in a trailing robe of buff, trimmed with brown, she arose, and in her sweetest tones declaring Mrs. Wilbour Secretary of the meeting in the absence of the regular official, called upon that lady to read the minutes of the preceding meeting. Mrs. Wilbour, in a white cambric gown, tastefully plaited, gathered and pointed, a white Llama lace shawl and white hat coquettishly trimmed, arose and read 'em. Here an awkward pause occurred, nobody seeming to know what to say, nor how to say it. The Committee on Taxation was called upon to read their report. Mrs. Blake, a slender creature in black and white lawn, proceeded to announce the determination of the Committee, which was in effect that lectures on the subject of Taxation should be given, beginning November 1, and that Anna Dickinson, Susan B. Anthony and other prominent sympathizers, should be asked to deliver said lectures. The Committee on Petitions in a suit of changeable something or other, next described the *modus operandi* of signing and the procuring of petitions. One in funeral black emphatically declared that she didn't like the form of the petition, whereupon she was effectively disposed of by the combined forces. Here occurred a general commotion, all the ladies talk-

ing together. Mrs. Norton read the call for a Convention to be held at Newport, R. I., on the 25th and 26th of August—the Convention to be assembled in the Academy of Music at that place and addressed by Paulina W. Davis, Phoebe Hanaford, Susan B. Anthony and Mrs. Henry B. Stanton. The Committee expressed sanguine hopes of a brilliant meeting. An unlikely member ventured to whisper a despondent remark to her neighbor, when the President silenced her by a glance. A communication from Mrs. Gage, demanding the formation of various auxiliary associations and stating the aphorism that "union is strength," was read. It was proposed to sell the petitions in order to gain funds, and the lady in black arose and said, "That wasn't what she'd been fighting for." The money question, which is never very long forgotten by the Association, now came to the surface. The organizer of State Conventions was voted a sum of not less than \$50 from the funds collected at such Conventions, after the payment of all expenses. Mrs. Norton, a plump little woman, in the cunningest of little boots, wanted to know how the organizer was going to get money if it wasn't there. (General demeray.) "Ah, thereby hangs a tale," remarked the President. Mrs. Norton said that if the thing wasn't more successful than it had been hitherto, there wouldn't be much left for the organizer after the expenses were paid. Mrs. Blake inferred that the Association would not employ an organizer that wasn't able to pay her own way. The President declaring an impending shower, here adjourned the meeting, and the ladies, deploring the unwonted absence of Miss Anthony, affectionately separated.

"WOMAN DOES NOT NEED THE BALLOT AS THE BLACK MAN DOES."

At one time in the Anti-Slavery movement a pamphlet was published entitled "Slavery as It Is," which covered hundreds of pages, with the atrocities of the system. What a volume of woman's wrongs could be collected to day! One cannot take up a daily paper without being shocked with the fearful outrages on women and children. This comes logically and philosophically from teaching men that God made women for their subjects, and every man who helps to confirm a nation in this opinion is responsible for this wholesale degradation of womanhood.

The Fifteenth Amendment declares every woman the inferior of every man, and ignorant men coin its spirit into action, in the following manner:

From the Lexington Gazette.

The community was startled and horrified on yesterday by the report that Thomas H. Irvine, a farmer of the county, and for many years President of the Richmond Stage Company, had attempted to force his daughter, a sprightly little girl some fourteen years of age, to marry a young man by the name of Bradwell Keith, and she persisting in a refusal, he held a pistol to her head, and allowed Keith to lavish caresses on the unwilling girl. Even then she would not consent to marry him, and the father shut her up in a room with Keith, and told him "she would be damned glad to marry him when he had gotten through with her." She made her escape from the room, and Keith ran after her and brought her back to the house, and Irvine locked her up in an upper room. Her stepmother had gone to Mr. Henry Bowman's who lived near by, to escape her husband's cruelty, and the poor little prisoner managed to send her, by a negro woman, the following note, written hastily on a scrap of paper:

"DEAR MA: For God's sake come home, or send somebody here for pa is trying to make Broad (Keith) sleep with me. What on earth will I do? Please come or send. He will not let me down stairs. Oh! what will I do! I am in the hands of God until some one comes to help me. He has burst the bolt off the door already."

Mrs. Irvine gave the note to Mr. Bowman, who immediately went to her rescue, and seeing her at the window of the room in which she was confined, placed a ladder which happened to be at hand, and she came down it, and thus escaped the clutches of her unnatural father and unscrupulous lover. Mr. Bowman brought her to town and placed her at Captain Board's, where she found protection, and all the sympathy and tenderness which kind-hearted people would naturally show to one in her reform condition.

Warrants were issued for the arrest of Irvine and Keith,

and they were brought to town by Deputy Sheriff Cochrane and DiBlake, and the trial set for yesterday afternoon, but the hearing was postponed till this morning at nine o'clock. Irvine was released on bail, but Keith was sent to jail in default of \$5,000 bail.

There is great indignation in the community against Irvine and Keith, and all feel that Irvine's offense is incompatible with a sound mind. He has been drinking a great deal lately, and this certainly has crazed him, for he has not heretofore been an unkind father. We have seldom witnessed more intense feeling in any community, whether of indignation against her persecutors or of sympathy and compassion for the unfortunate child who has been placed in such a cruel attitude.

THE WEEKLY MEETING AT THE BUREAU.

The regular weekly meeting of the Woman Suffrage Association, held at the Bureau on Tuesday, August 3d, was, as usual, well attended. It speaks well for the increasing interest in the cause, that in the heat of August, when so many persons are out of town, and nearly all other associations have adjourned, so many persons find their way each week to the meetings; some even coming in from a distance to be present. On this occasion, we noticed several southern ladies and a French gentleman, who was about returning to his native country, who watched the proceedings with great interest.

The Vice-President, Mrs. Phelps, took the chair, Mrs. Blake acting as Secretary.

Mrs. Wilbour read the report of the Executive Committee, stating that hereafter their reports would be printed and presented quarterly.

Miss Anthony read very interesting letters from Mrs. Bullard and Miss Emily Faithful, speaking of the advance of the cause in England and the efforts being made to procure employment for the large number of intelligent gentlemen who form so numerous a class in that country.

The letter from Mrs. Bullard is as follows:

LONDON, July 18, 1869.

Mrs. President and Members of the Woman's National Suffrage Association:

SINCE my arrival in London I have attempted to see several of the women most deeply interested in the elevation of their sex, but owing to the unusual heat of the few days of my stay in the city, I have not been able to accomplish as much in the way of visiting as I should have been glad to, had circumstances been more favorable.

On my return, in the early part of October, I shall meet several of the workers in this cause, which has a common interest for all women in Europe and America.

I have been to the office of the *Victoria Press*, and had an interview with Miss Faithful, one of the editors of the *Victoria Magazine*. Miss Emily, the principal editor, was out of town, but wrote me expressing her interest in the Woman question and her great desire to talk with me of the progress of the cause in America. I shall see her personally in October, and can then give a more intelligent account of matters here. She has for years past been a most efficient worker for women. Among her other good deeds, has been the establishment of a Society somewhat similar to that of our Working Women's Association in New York, especially as to the placing of articles on sale, as done at the Woman's Bureau. I enclose a prospectus of the Society which may be of interest to you, as it will give a more detailed account of its operations than I could well do just now, in the hurry of my preparations for leaving the city

I enclose also a letter of Miss Faithful's to the Times, which proves that there is need of giving the helping hand to the many who

Struggle, as women must,  
For shelter and for bread.

I also send an account of the first Woman Suffrage meeting ever held in London. But if we may judge anything of the prospects of the movement from the list of men and women who have interested themselves in the cause, it will not be the last. When such men as John Stuart Mill, Charles Kingsley, Prof. Newman, and their peers, put the shoulder to the wheel, a cause is bound to move on and crush all obstacles in the way of its progress. No old stumbling-blocks of prejudice, or deep roots of conventionality, can impede the onward movement. As in America, I find that intellect, genius, wealth, and fashion even, are beginning in England to fall into the ranks and push on the Woman Suffrage question.

Miss Frances Power Cobbe writes me, "The uprising of a sex, throughout the civilized world, is certainly an unique fact in history, and can hardly fail of some important results."

With the confident expectation that her prophecy will find a speedy and perhaps grander fulfillment than she or any of us dream of now, I remain yours respectfully,

LAURA C. BULLARD,  
Cor.-Sec'y, W. N. S. Association.

Mrs. Norton read an address mentioning several great outrages which had been inflicted upon women and children by policemen, and urging that there should be women at all the station houses in charge of the rooms for female prisoners.

Mrs. Blake presented some resolutions animadverting on the inconsistency of Mr. Greeley of the New York Tribune in opposing the cause of Woman Suffrage, when he had always professed himself an advocate of all measures of reform. After some discussion they were laid on the table as too severe, and the meeting adjourned.

THE Chicago Agitator says a young woman in that city, boarding at the "Woman's Home," has been employed for some time in painting and ornamenting chamber furniture. Succeeding in this, although making good wages, she was ambitious to do better, and has taken the contract for painting the interior of the four-story brick house now being completed for the use of the "Home." The work is done in-doors; she understands perfectly mixing colors and applying them with a brush, is neat, more economical in her use of materials than most men painters, and more expeditious. Why should she not make house-painting her business, and receive a man's wages for her work? Her name is Broderick, and she is less than twenty years old.

SMALL CHINA VOTE?—The San Francisco papers say George Francis Train is arguing in California before "intensely hostile" democratic audiences, in favor of giving to the Chinamen "welcome, protection, and the ballot." Moreover some of the best Irish journals are becoming equally liberal towards this generally inoffensive race. The Fifteenth Amendment to the Constitution will admit multitudes to the ballot far more incompetent than he, and worse every way. Why, then, proscribe him? Indeed, worse than he vote now at every election.

## PETITION FOR WOMAN SUFFRAGE.

THE following Petition was adopted by the Executive Committee of the National Woman's Suffrage Association at their meeting held at the Woman's Bureau, 49 East 23d street, New York, June 1, 1889.

To the Senate and House of Representatives of the United States:

The undersigned men and women of the United States ask for the prompt passage by your Honorable bodies of a Sixteenth Amendment to the Constitution, to be submitted to the Legislatures of the several States for ratification, which shall secure to all citizens the right of Suffrage, without distinction of sex.

ALL persons interested in the cause are requested to cut out this petition, and paste it on a piece of paper, having a line drawn down the centre, signatures of men to be on the left, women on the right. Each person who signs is to be solicited for a contribution of ten cents towards the expense of circulating, to be sent with the signed petition to the Woman's Bureau, 49 E. 23d st., New York, before December 1st, or to the Secretary of their state or county Woman's Suffrage Association.

WOMAN AND DENTISTRY.—The American Dental Association met last week in Albany. On Wednesday the general order of business was suspended to allow Prof. Truman to introduce the following preamble and resolutions for future action:

Whereas, The recent action of two of the oldest colleges of dentistry in this country, in admitting women to full honors and duties of the dental profession, renders it imperative upon this national delegated body to take some action in reference to admission of women into full fellowship in the profession; therefore, be it

Resolved, That in view of the successful results attained in the education of women as dentists, we recommend to subordinate associations to admit to full fellowship any woman duly qualified.

Resolved, That in consultations, considerations of sex should not be considered—ability and moral character alone being the standard of judgment in all cases.

WESTERN CONVENTIONS.—The Agitator announces Woman Suffrage Conventions to be held in Chicago on the 9th and 10th of September on the 16th and 17th in Cincinnati, and on the 6th and 7th of October in St. Louis. The first one in Chicago is more especially to bring together the workers and leaders of the Woman Suffrage cause in the several Western states, to unite on some definite plan of action for the future, to form acquaintance with each other, and to arrange for more general and complete movements in the west.

NEW CATHOLICISM.—At a late meeting of the Peace Society in Paris, Father Hyacinthe made the following declaration, truly remarkable for a Romish priest: "There are three religions in this world—the Jewish, the Catholic and the Protestant—and all three are equal in the eyes of God." It was received with shouts of applause; but what will the Ecumenical Council say to it?

COLORADO CONVENT.—A new Convent is now building in New Orleans for the Sisters of Providence. The New Orleans Star says pe-

culiar interest attaches to this event, from the fact that it will be the first convent ever built in this state for an order of colored Sisters.

YATES COUNTY CHRONICLE.—Its weekly arrival always gives pleasure, true and faithful as it ever is in every good work. But better yet, on Monday last its senior editor and proprietor, Mr. Cleveland, gave us a friendly call and greeting at THE REVOLUTION rooms; looking hale and hearty through the dust of travel, just as men of sound health, good income, a clear conscience, and best of all, a most delightful home and family always should and generally do. To the like of him and his, our latch-string is ever out.

SAN FRANCISCO.—Every week now brings regular files of papers from the Pacific coast. The San Francisco Saturday evening Mercury, edited by Emily A. Pitts and Frank Wicks is a wide-awake and well conducted journal, in which the cause of woman and her rights, including right of Suffrage, receives due attention. And the Mercury does, too, what many others do not do, gives credit to THE REVOLUTION when it copies its articles. Is that because a woman has a hand in conducting it?

UNJUST CONCLUSION.—The New York Sun says because Chief-Justice Chase has given indications of a desire to act legally and justly toward the Southern people, radical journals begin to taunt him with "drifting steadily toward the Democracy." That is the old republican trick tried on THE REVOLUTION until it was tired or ashamed of it, and let us alone.

THANKS to the great law of universal progress, light is breaking, not in America only, but in all quarters of the globe:

E Progresso, a Portuguese paper, published in Lisbon, says: "The ladies of St. Petersburg solicit permission from the authorities to establish a publishing house for the literary writings of women."

FINE SILVER PLATED WARE.—J. L. Harlem & Co., manufacturers of Silver, and Silver Plated Ware, have been long and favorably known at their old stand in Maiden Lane as men of fair dealing and uprightness. There may be found at their extensive establishment, a choice collection of Tea Sets, Castors, Butter Coolers, Baking Dishes, Wine Frames, etc., etc., and what every family needs at this season of the year—a splendid Ice Pitcher, which they have to suit all tastes and pockets. This firm warrants every article to be as they represent them. Give them a call. J. L. Harlem & Co., 41 Maiden Lane, New York.

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THE New Bedford Standard says a lady in that city recently appeared in church neatly dressed in calico, and concludes that it would not be dangerous to lend the husband of such a wife money. The prettiest dress in THE REVOLUTION office last week, everything considered, was of calico, worn too by a recent clerk in this office who has recently made ten thousand dollars in ready cash, by a single investment in Texas.





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12:00 m.	12:00 m.
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